

Stardust Baby

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Summary:

1969: Eddie needed this freedom. He needed to experience something life-changing, and staring out the window at the rolling fields and other souls searching for an escape he thought maybe he would find it here.

After jumping out his window at 2am, Eddie finds himself at Woodstock festival, where he becomes completely entranced by mysterious stranger, Richie Tozier. Thus begins a roller-coaster ride of sex, drugs and rock & roll. For Eddie, the fun's only just beginning.

Stardust Baby

Author's Note:

I'm sorry this was so completely self indulgent I just wanted to see my boys being off their face flower power babes. Please comment and let me know if you enjoyed!

Eddie sighed, tapping his finger against the dashboard. Mike looked over the steering wheel, the long line of cars stretching past over the horizon in a haze of multi-colours. Maybe this was a mistake. The drive had been long, and filled with excited ramblings from the four boys but Eddie couldn't help but feel apprehensive. His mother refused to let him go to "some free love, flower child bullshit". Yet at 2am when Mike, Stan and Ben pulled up outside, Eddie didn't hesitate to hop out the window, a rolled up blanket under his arm and his ticket in his back pocket. He needed this freedom. He needed to experience something life-changing, and staring out the window at the rolling fields and other souls searching for an escape he thought *maybe* he would find it here. Eddie's cloudy thoughts were quickly interrupted by Stan and Ben giggling in the back seat as they weaved crowns of violets and poppies into each other's hair.

Looking in the rear view mirror Mike could see the car behind them turning out from the line of traffic and driving onto the grass. And then another. And another. Looking back in front of him, the traffic never moving, he shrugged to himself. Looking behind him, he reversed a little, and turned, driving past a camper van sprayed in bright tie-dye colours, more people hanging off it than Eddie knew was possible. He could see cars parked haphazardly on the grass, a throng of people exiting them, and walking towards a hill, the sun shining down on the grass like a heavenly path. Stopping the car, the boys gathered their belongings and piled out. The grass tickled at Eddie's sandaled toes as he walked, the blades almost welcoming him with every step. The sun was warm against his shoulders, illuminating the freckles sprinkled upon his cheeks like pixie dust. He wiped a bead of sweat from his brow as he stood at the apex of the hill. The group shielded their eyes from the sun as they looked

over the view.

The place was already full, cars, tents and people covering every square inch, no green to be seen. A structure loomed over the scene, like an enormous climbing frame, people dangled from it, their inner kids revelling. The ticket now held tightly in Eddie's hand was unneeded, the entrance fence had been kicked down, the metal twisted and broken. As they walked past an unseen line, the atmosphere had changed. Eddie looked behind his shoulder, a blank, empty canvas. Turning back, he looked at the scene in front of him, alive and full of excitement. Dancing their way through the groups of people, they made their way towards the stalls. There were peace signs everywhere, on vans, on signs, on faces. Eddie could feel that he was somewhere different, could feel that history was being made with every second. He stopped to take in his surroundings while the other boys picked out a spot to pitch their tent

'Sup' Shortstack, Wanna join our movement?' A boy asked, stepping in front of him. He was wearing a knitted rainbow pullover with shorts that showed his scraped up, grass-stained knees. His head of uncontrollable black curls fell just over the rim of his glasses

'What is it?' Eddie asked, curiosity getting the better of him. The boy grabbed his hand tightly, dragging him over to the stall that was covered in rainbow flowers and smiley faces, handing him a leaflet. 'Flower children?'

'That's right baby! We believe in free love, and free people,' the boy explained. Eddie looked down at the leaflet before looking at the boy again. He wore no shoes, though there was a daisy chain around a slim ankle. Beneath his thick rimmed glasses, his eyes were pretty, a prominent row of bottom lashes making them look bigger and doll-like. He was dreamy.

'Richie Jude Tozier, at your service.'

"Eddie," he said, smiling softly, fixing one strap of his overalls back onto his shoulder. Richie beamed at him, a smile so big it seemed unfitting for what was just an introduction.

‘So Eddie Spaghetti...,’ Richie said, grabbing a daisy chain and tying it around Eddie’s wrist with a bow. “What’s a pretty little flower like you doing here?”

Eddie rolled his eyes. ‘Don’t call me that, Asshole!’ Eddie yelled, earning a laugh from Richie. ‘I guess it’s the reason most people are here.’ Eddie admitted.

Richie nodded in agreement. ‘Sex?’ he smirked.

Eddie huffed, his cheeks turning pink. ‘No!...Well maybe?’ he nervously giggled. ‘I guess I just wanna have fun, let loose, escape? Kick back and listen to some good music and whatever happens in between...’ Richie laced their fingers together. ‘Well.. happens,’ Eddie finished.

Eddie looked down at their joined hands, the joining of their paths. Was it fate that had brought Richie to him? Was he God himself, sent down to show Eddie his path in life? Or maybe even the devil in disguise. Richie pulled his hand back, flashing another bright smile at Eddie.

‘Well it just so happens that me and my band are opening for Jefferson Airplane in like an hour,’ Richie announced with a grin.

‘You’re in a band?!’ Eddie asked, excitement sparkling in his voice.

‘Yeah! I play guitar and sing a little bit.. Well whenever Bev lets me. We’re called Deadlights!’

‘That’s so cool!’ Eddie exclaimed, staring up at the taller boy dreamily.

‘Well I hope my number one fan, will be right up front watching. My oversized ego needs to be fed somehow,’ Richie giggled.

Eddie sighed, trying to act unamused.

‘I should probably go get ready. Wouldn’t want to disappoint my fan club.’ Richie winked. ‘Come find me after the show, Eds,’ Richie whispered, goofily placing a kiss to Eddie’s hand and running off in the other direction

Eddie smiled as he walked away from the stall, every step light and airy. Finding a place to sit as close to the stage as possible, he took out his blanket, placing it on the grass before sitting down, fiddling with the daisy chain bracelet on his wrist. He had no idea where his friends had disappeared to but at that moment, he didn't really care. He watched as people passed him by and found himself in awe at how *free* things felt. All that mattered was love, and finding yourself. There was a tepee behind him, with a sign hanging from the front that said "Find love here", a small line of people formed outside it. Next to him, a woman lay on the grass, not a stitch of clothing on her. But it wasn't sexual, it was about throwing off the boundaries that society forced on you.

An hour passed quickly and soon enough Eddie noticed a familiar face on stage, and suddenly he felt home. If he hadn't met him before this moment he would have labeled Richie as arrogant and annoying but now that he had, he was still annoying but in a slightly more charming way. His stage presence was incomparable. The way he so easily gained everyone's attention stirred something inside Eddie. Jealousy? He shook his head and pushed whatever that feeling was back down to concentrate on Richie's movements. He danced around the stage, with his guitar hanging around him by a rainbow coloured strap. Eddie could see the pure passion and drive he emitted with every strum of a chord. The music they played weaved its way through the air, carrying on the breeze like dandelion flowers. Eddie drank in every drop of pure ecstasy, relishing in the moment until it had all too quickly passed and Richie was introducing the next band and walking back off of the stage.

Kicking off his sandals, Eddie lay back, and looked at the sky. The previous clear toothpaste skies had disappeared, the white clouds now replaced with ominous grey. Eddie preferred rain anyway. The sun made Eddie feel inadequate, so happy and stark, so exaggerated. Rain was honest, it hid behind nothing but passionate honesty as it soaked you to your skin. Closing his eyes, he smiled as he felt a raindrop on his nose. He lay there for what seemed like hours, feeling the rain slowly cover his body. Water droplets encasing his body in

crystal. His serene thoughts were interrupted by a much welcomed voice.

‘So...did you enjoy the view, spaghetti?’

He propped himself up on his elbows and looked Richie up and down. His toes were caked in mud, his hair soaking wet, strands sticking to his forehead. He made an attempt to wipe his feet in the grass before sitting himself down next to Eddie.

‘Maybe I did,’ Eddie commented as he sat down.

‘Yeah? Well maybe when we tour you can be my groupie,’ Richie replied, with a wink, crossing his legs. The sky was a steely grey, and the scene in front of them was no longer vibrant rainbow, but muted watercolour. Jefferson Airplane had begun their set and everybody seemed to sway in time to the beat, hypnotized by the melodic poison that seeped through their ears, unwravelling through their veins. He looked at Richie, his pale legs covered in raindrops, and he couldn’t help it as his eyes moved their way up, stopping at the hem of his shorts that grazed his thigh.

‘Do you wanna go get a hotdog?’ Eddie asked, upon feeling his stomach rumble.

Richie looked over at the droves of people surrounding the nearest food truck. ‘Nah. The line is almost as long as my wang!’ he replied, a giggle in the back of his throat.

Eddie elbowed the taller boy in the ribs, causing a grin to creep across his face.

‘So, Eds. Tell me about you. Got a main squeeze?’ Richie asked, wiping the rain and sweat away from his forehead. Eddie shook his head. ‘I call bull on that. No way is a cute piece of ass like you single.’

‘Why do you say that?’ Eddie asked, turning towards him. Richie looked at him momentarily before averting his gaze back to the stage.

‘Well look at you. You’re adorable!,’ Richie replied, still not looking directly at him. It dawned on Eddie then. Richie wasn’t sure about

him. It wasn't like Eddie had a bright neon sign that said "HOMOSEXUAL", but he thought he had been giving off the right vibes. But then again, flirting had never been his strong point.

'You kiss up with strangers like this often, Mister?' Eddie asked, shuffling a little closer so their legs touched. Richie turned his head, the unsaid message understood loud and clear.

'Only when I think they're hot,' Richie replied, smiling. They looked at each other as they inched closer. The roar of the crowd startled them, and they pulled back. The lights on the stage grew brighter, and Eddie heard the opening notes of a new song being played, deep and low. It was loud, real loud, and all Eddie could see were legs, legs painted in mud.

'Dance with me?'

Richie stood up, offering a hand and pulling Eddie up. They held hands as they danced, kicking their feet up to the rhythm, the rain growing heavier with each passing minute. Eddie's overalls stuck to him like a second skin, his curls slick against his face. The blanket was splattered with mud as they continued to move, their hips entranced with the beat. Richie pulled the smaller boy close, his hand on his hip as his lips moved to Eddie's ear.

'Drop with me?' he asked, pressing a tab into Eddie's palm. Eddie looked at it, a small square of pink paper, a green strawberry drawn in the middle of it. Eddie nodded, placing the tab under his tongue as Richie did the same. He had done acid before, he didn't know many people who hadn't, other than his mom. It was a good way to escape, to free your mind for a few hours. They sat down again and Richie could feel the tab dissolve as they watched the band on stage.

45 minutes later and the grass began to move. Eddie watched as it grew by the second, the vibrant green tickling at his ankles. Prismatic blossoms swirled through the air surrounding them in a harlequin blanket. He looked up at the sky, the rain glittering like diamonds as it fell from the sky, which was now a deep purple, a billion bright yellow stars bursting and shooting, scattered along it. He watched as a drop of rain fell onto his arm, picking it up gently between his fingers, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger. The droplet

popped and ran down his wrist. Richie lay his head down on Eddie's lap, his mouth agape. Eddie ran his hand through Richie's hair, his fingers never stilling as they moved through a never-ending length of hair.

Richie's lips were plush and red, like mid-July cherries, and Eddie in an unexpected moment of confidence leaned down to kiss them softly. Their lips glided over each other, Richie's lips felt like silk against his own, and he could feel Richie's heartbeat as he moved to touch his jaw. Richie sat up, his eyes a sparkling lilac, his bottom lashes fluttering against his cheeks. They moved in again, their tongues dancing gracefully. They pulled apart with a soft pop, a noise that rang through Eddie's ears and reverberated around them. He could see the song being performed surrounding them, a swirling haze of white and pink light that stroked at his skin. 'Somebody to love,' Eddie noted.

When the garden flowers, baby are dead, yes

They lay down against the grass, their legs entangling with each other like vines. Eddie's legs didn't feel like his own as he looked down at them, and wiggled his foot against Richie's who cackled wildly. Pulling the blanket around them, Richie moved languidly towards his neck and dragged his teeth against his skin. Eddie looked up at the sky that was now covered in bright roses and swirling viridescent ivy as silk glided against the skin of his neck and nestled itself at his shoulder. Under the refuge of the reams and reams of blanket they shuffled to strip themselves down to their underwear .

And your mind, your mind is so full of red

People in front of them continued to dance and twirl. Eddie could hear every note of the song. He could hear fingers strum against

guitars, the water that moved with every beat of the drum. He could see it being written, the words gilded on Richie's back. He moved to straddle Richie, his knees sinking into the mud beneath them. He wanted to drown in the puddles of moonlight that collected in the dip of Richie's collar bones. He stopped to dip his fingers in them before leaning down to reattach their lips. Richie smiled into the kiss, drunk on the euphoria of finally getting exactly what he wanted. He trailed his hand that had been cupping Eddie's cheek down to his waist, deepening the kiss. To Richie's surprise, Eddie pulled his bottom lip between his teeth, making him let out a staggered breath. Eddie giggled, satisfied with his reaction.

'Two can play at that game, baby.'

Don't you want somebody to love

Richie immediately attached his lips to his neck. Eddie's hands went straight to his hair, tangling his fingers in the dark locks. It wasn't long before he found Eddie's sweet spot. He kissed it softly at first before sucking on it, leaving a mark that he knew he'd complain about later. Relishing in Eddie's reactions, he blew on the now sensitive marks, making him let out a whine.

Don't you need somebody to love

'Richie are we really gonna do this right here? Everyone can see.'

'Something the matter with that, angel?' he smirked, trailing kisses down his neck

Wouldn't you love somebody to love

‘Fuck. You’ll be the death of me, Tozier.’

You better find somebody to love

Richie’s hands trailed down and slipped beneath the waistband of Eddie’s underwear to grab at his ass. Eddie tugged on his hair in response. He continued to grind down onto Richie, growing harder and needier by the second. Richie’s hard cock that was pressed against his stomach, threatened to slip out of his underwear that was rapidly becoming tight and uncomfortable. Eddie’s little whines and whimpers quickly turned into moans as he let out a string of “fuck”s which circulated the air around them before disappearing. The pleasure was clearly too much yet not enough at the same time and he wanted more. He needed more.

Your eyes, I say your eyes may look like his

‘Mmm-You’re fucking huge, Rich.’

Yeah, but in your head, baby

‘You might want to be a little quieter, Gorgeous. Don’t want everyone knowing what a little slut you are hmm?’

I'm afraid you don't know where it is

Eddie bit his lip in an attempt to quieten himself. He rocked down, his eyes closed tight. As Richie rutted upwards, the boys quickly gained a rhythm, grinding against each other. The precum that leaked through their underwear made the slide easier, allowing Eddie to quicken his pace.

Don't you want somebody to love

‘You want it, huh?’ Richie whispered into Eddie’s ear, sparking electricity throughout his body. ‘Come get it, baby. Ride it,’

Don't you need somebody to love

He felt like a whore, shamelessly rocking back and forth, getting himself off. Richie’s mouth dropped open, his breaths becoming quick and staggered. Eddie lowered his head as the smell of the sea invaded his nostrils and suddenly they were in the ocean, a glittering blue surrounding them. He could smell the sea air as they floated on top, the buck of Richie’s hips making small waves around them. They both knew they were close. The roll of their hips slowed as Richie let out a deep moan, the noise echoed in Eddie’s mind and settled itself comfortably on his chest, a warmth spreading through him.

Wouldn't you love somebody to love

Eddie sighed contently above him as they both felt their orgasms

wash over them, like a tide peppering them with kisses. Richie's whole body twitched and spasmed as he came hard in his underwear and over his stomach. Eddie could feel his own cum drip down his ass, and suddenly felt extremely dirty, but in the best way possible. He felt like the luckiest sinner alive. Pure stardust rushed throughout their bodies, connecting them, dazzling through their fingertips, leaving stains all over their skin, as the earth cracked and fell apart beneath them.

You better find somebody to love

Eddie woke up cold and wet. He lifted his head up slightly, a head heavy on his arm. Richie snored softly beside him, his legs placed between Eddie's, the only source of warmth. Lifting his head up a little more, he could see the festival wasn't as busy now. The landscape was no longer covered in blankets and cars, instead, people were scattered far and between. Richie nestled himself closer to Eddie, a soft smirk painting his lips. He wasn't sure when they fell asleep, time was always a construct on acid. Worry began to worm itself into his mind as he looked around at the people leaving and wondered where his friends were. This was meant to be his liberation, his moment where everything would be crystal clear. What was he to do now? His future was still uncertain, and unease settled heavy in his stomach.

Richie hummed as he shuffled against Eddie. The worry left him just as quickly as it had entered, like the tide rushing back out to sea and he looked down at Richie and smiled, lying back down beside him.

He would stop running.

Author's Note:

Thanks for sticking it out this far please comment and let me know if you liked or whatever mwah xx